OUR FRANK AND MY FRANK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTERS. I've seen the wildest tempests blow, And the darkest storms arise, From summer zyphers breathing low, And the depth of azure akies.

Birth, marriage, death, parting, meeting—these are but trite and every-day events; yet, through the golden links of kindred, they send a current of emotion through many hearts, and make epochs in many lives.

through many hearts, and make epochs in many lives.

Thomas Williams had sunk to the floor, and lay writhing, like one in physical pain. His face was white, and set, and deep lines of agony were about his mouth. He held in his right hand, that twitched convulsively, an open letter, and at the lines traced there by a trembling hand, he was gazing, with dry, burning eyes, like one fascinated. He was a man subject to slight spasmodical affections, when under the influence of grief or anger.

was a man subject to slight spasmodical affections, when under the influence of grief or anger.

"O, what evil has befallen us, my love?" said a delicately beautiful woman, as she floated to his side, and looked at the pallid brow and convulsed hand; "Speak, O, speak, my love."

She received no reply, and she took the letter from the twitching band, and read the lines that had stricken the strong man dumb. They ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Williams—We are bereaved, and sorrowing. Your brother, Francis Marion Williams, departed this life the 14th of February. He remembered you, his twin brother, even in that dread hour, in which he wrestled with the king of terrors. And he bade me tell you of the great love he had always borne you, that time and distance could not change; and of his strong desire to see you once more, before he passed away; a desire that must remain unfulfilled, on account of the long distance between your homes. But he said again, with a brightly beaming smile, 'We shall meet again, the leart's blood, drop by drop, can never come. We shall be happy there. Tell Thomas to shall meet again, where earthborn care and sorrows that wring the heart's blood, drop by drop, can never come. We shall be happy there. Tell Thomas to meet me before the great white throne, with its rainbow lights, where seraphs, cherubs, and spirits of just men made perfect, will be our companions, and where we shall look upon the face of unvailed Deity. And more, dear sir, more of sorrow. Your brother's wife followed him in a few hours; and they were buried, at the same time, side by side, in the oid church-yard that you so well remember, near the home of your childhood, under the willow, planted years ago by the hand of affection. You will remember the great drooping willow in the eastern side. They were lovely, and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. And even now, when I am stricken to earth by this lightning stroke from a clear sky, I can say it was kind of the All Father to unite them in death, nor leave one to look upon the grave of the other, and to live through long years of loneliness from youth to age; for they were young in years. They leave a son five years old, named Francis Marion."

After Ellen had finished reading the letter, she sat like one stunned by a heavy blow, with cheek and lip from which all the blood had receded. She spoke no word of comfort to her husband, nor did it seem a fitting time to do

spoke no word of comfort to her husband, nor did it seem a fitting time to do so, while that strong tide of sorrow was flowing over his soul. Tell not the breaking heart to still its wild throbbings. Tell not one from whose life a great light has been suddenly stricken to smile. At last the man found words,

to smile. At last the man found words, and as he did the hot chords of pain that bound his eyelids were loosed, and his tears flowed like rain.

"He was my twin brother," he said, "my only brother—the truest friend that ever man had, he was to me. O, how can I bear to know that his true, pure heart beats no more forever, that his voice of love is stilled, the speaking eye closed, and the beautiful head laid beautiful neath the sod! And, O, how shall neath the sod! And, O, how shall I bear life, with no brother to love, and to love me! O, what fatal folly led me so far away from the home, and the loves of my childhood; from the bold, frowning scenery, the jutting cliffs, the towering mountains, the laughing valleys, the dancing streams that I loved so well in those those happy years. Alas! it was a dream of gold that won me from the dear, old, familiar haunts, and from that loving 5 other. I shall never forget how he wound his arms about me, and entreated me not to leave them; and yet I

left them. O, I was an ingrate, a heartless ingrate."
And again sobs choked that strong Talk not of grief until you have seen, The tears of warlike men.

"I promised to return soon," he con-nued. "I had said within myself, over and over, 'I will return next aummer. I' will take Ellen, and our Frank, our beauwill take Ellen, and our Frank, our beau-tiful Frank, and pay the dear old home and my brother a visit.' And I had promised myself, and you, and the loved ones there, so much pleasure from that visit. Now, slas! alas! my brother! O, the love of gold! how many loyal hearts it has broken, and trampled in the dust; how many beautiful souls it has ruined, for time and eternity! O mean will for time and eternity! O, when will vain, foolish man, born of woman, learn that love is all he wants to make him happy, and without that he must be forever wretched, his life intolerable, and the world about him darker than a tempestuous night—a charnel house—one universal grave. You never saw my brother. Ellen. He was a noble-looking man, a handsome man. Come here, Frank," and a beautiful boy, with jetty curls and flashing, black eyes, bounded toward him. "Now, Ellen, look at our Frank," said the man, "and you san see what my brother was, as long ago as I can remember him clearly. He had the same jetty curls, the same flashing, black eye, with a defiant glance in its far depths. I do not think that it is because he is ours, that I think our Frank a beautiful child. He is really very hand some. And my brother was a beautiful and winsome child, and as a man much respected and loved."

The sun was riding in the zenith on a beautiful day, when they, that man and his wife read that letter, and, in the evening, zephyre were fanning the flowers to sleep, and birds were folding their tired wings about their home, they dried their teams and bethought them of their toil, their happy toil, their light and pleasant tasks. Still their hands were olded, and listless, and they heeded not the scenes around them. But, however deep the shadow that falls dpon the bereaved, in most cases, there comes a time that they must, of necessity, turn from the graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The graves of the dead to meet claims of the living. The ever wretched, his life intolerable, and the world about him darker than a tem-

Are lest to heaven's bright rain, And as that sorrowing man sat looking out into the dreamy twilight, and at the advent of the stars, in green and gold, he said;

Amberson

Satellinencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1878.

VOL. XIII---NO. 44.

"Ellen, they left a son, about the same age of our Frank: and we must be father and mother to 'at doubly orphaned

child."
"We will, we will," said Ellen. "We will make him happy, and keep him so, as far as lies in our power. Were our Frank left as he is left, I hope and trust, that he would find a home in some happy, hopeful, human heart, or hearts, pure and true, with a gentle firmness, that would effectually withhold him from the paths of evil."
Frank understood something of their

Frank understood something of their conversation, and he said:
"Is there something in that naughty letter, full of sorrow that made my pa

letter, full of sorrow that made my pa and ma cry, about a little boy."

"Yes, child," replied the mother, "ther is something about a little boy with no father and mother."

He wound his arms about his mother's neck, and said: "O, do get him, ma. Coax him to come. Tell him that I will give all my playthings to him—sled, wheelbarrow and rocking-horse and wagon. I want a little brother so much. Frank Smith has two little brothers to play with him, and I have to play by myself—have no little brother."

"We will make an effort to get him to come," said his mother. "We will write

the fact that he and his wife wished to adopt and rear, as their own, the orphan child of their departed brother and sister, and they hoped for a speedy and favorable answer. They soon received the following reply:

"DEARLY BELOYED BROTHEE AND

SISTER—Your favor is at hand, and the request therein written has been duly considered, and every reason for and against granting such request has been duly weighed, and allow me to say that duly weighed, and allow me to say that I could not possibly bring myself to the point of parting with the child. I shall retain him, not only because of the request of my sainted sister, that I should raise the child as my own, but because of my great love for the child. His mother was my only sister, and as the child is very beautiful, and very precocious, you can well believe that I can love him very much, and that it would be a very bitter thing to me to part with him. If it is possible for the love of a mother for her child to grow up in the heart of another thing to me to part with him. If it is possible for the love of a mother for her child to grow up in the heart of another than a mother, surely I love this child, left in my care, with that love. I cannot give him up to any other person or persons. I cannot even bear to think of such a thing as possible.

"Respectfully, JANE B. SMITH."

Jane Smith was a maiden lady, and was, as she had said, the sister of the child's mother. She was a worthy woman, that Thomas Williams and wife had heard spoken of, sometimes by mu-

had heard spoken of, sometimes by mu-tual friends, but had never seen. And Thomas Williams said: "I must make another effort to got the child." And

he sat down and wrote another letter, in which was the following: "I have read the answer to my letter, "I have read the answer to my letter, and write again to eay that you must give up the child of my dead brother. I cannot allow you to retain him. I could give you many reasons for apeaking to you in a manner that you will doubtless consider abrupt. But I shall give you but one. That is this: Women are in nowise calculated to rear and educate boys. They almost invariably ruin them by indulgences, or harden them by craelty. Boys, as they grow up, need a firm, strong hand to guide them past the pitfalls set for them at the threshold of life—active life—the life of a man."

with her religious faith and truth, could and did love the hapless child, as he never could, with all his coasted intellect. And he seemed to have forgotten what he had asserted a few weeks previous, in his sorrow, that love is all man needs to make him blest, and happy, and he had yet to learn that love is air man needs to make him truly wise, good and

great.
He did not knew that love is all potent, almost omnipotent, and can do almost anything—everything; and that because of her earnest love for the child, she was far better calculated to guide him into the straight and narrow way that leads to all good, in time and eter-nity, than he, with his beasted strength of mind, z his calm, clear head, could possibly be. He did not realize the fact that he a gentlemen with a wife and possibly bc. He did not realize the fact that he, a gentleman, with a wife and son, had written an insult, a bitter taunt, for a guileless, gentle, lonely woman to read. He had written as he thought, and as most men think. Most men think that sons must have fathers, and i' bereft of their own fathers some other should of their own fathers some oner snound take the place and exercise the authority of such, and assume the responsibility. And if a you man is found in jail, penitentiary, or swinging from a gallows, the blame is always laid upon his mother, if he has a mother. She was indulgent. if he has a mother. She was indulgen she was weak, she was violent tempered, she was criminal, or she was something that she should not have been. That is what the world always says. Have not fathers sorra influence over their sons, too? Is it not just possible that a father might make a mistake in the training of his son, that would result unfavorably? In truth, I have known the authority exercised by a father to have an evil in

fluence over the son. Jane Smith's eyes burned as she read that letter, and her heart beat thick and fast, and her lip curled scornfully. "I am a woman, am I?" she said mockingly. "Yee, I am a woman, and Mr. Williams is a man, and a strong, stern, selfah

and Frank, our dear, beautiful Frank. Do you not remember, my love, that Mr. Green, when he came here, direct from near your old home, told us of that woman's deep sorrow. Her lover was lost, even on the wedding day, and has not yet been found. They have sought him among the living and the dead, for years, and can find no clus to his fate."

"Well," sa'd the husband, "why need she make an atter fool of herself for that matter? The world is full of men, and doubtless some of them would marry

doubtless some of them would marry

while the fate of that one is unknown,

"Not sensible," replied Mr. Williams. "The man is either false or dead, and in

"The man is either false or dead, and in either case she is free."

Days, weeks, months and years went by, just as they ever do, never stopping for joy or grief, life or death. O, if old Time would fold his wings sometimes, and rest, if only for a little while, when we are happy; but on he goes, just as noiselessly and swiftly, over broken hearts and tears, as over smiles and dreams of transport; all are alike to him. Thomas Williams went out into the world, and sold and bought, and got gain, and added field to field, and house to hours; and his dream of wealth was verified. He was a rich man. And Frank grew in stature, and ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; and he was obedient, affectionate, and of a cheerful, happy disposition; and he was a universal favorite. He was a very handsome man, with his fine, silky, black beard, his jetty curls, and his apeaking, black oyes, with the defant glance yet in them that was a peculiarity, and a very beautiful one, too. in his childhood

play with him, and I have to play by myself—have no little brother."

"We will make an effort to get him to come," said his mother. "We will write to the sorrowing friends, and tell them of our desire to adopt the child, and if we receive a favorable reply, we will go and bring him home with us."

The letter was dispatched by the first mail, in which Thomas Williams stated the fact that he and his wife wished to adopt and rear, as their own, the orphan child of their departed brother and sister,

is gone. He is the very print of that brother. One in ten thousand is our Frank. We could never possibly mistake him for another, or another for him, could me or a sife?"

"I should think," replied the wife,
"that we could not. But why do you ask such a question?"

"O, I was thinking of Ben. Franklin,

"O, I was thinking of Ben. Franklin, that wonderful man, and his mother. After he had been gone for a time, she did not know him, and she hid her spoons lest he should steal them. Was it not Ben? Well, if it was not Ben, it was some other man."

"I think," said the mother, "that my son would have to change very much, indeed, before I should mistake him for another."

deed, before I should mistake him for another."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Williams, "Frank is very different from our maighbors' sons. How they, these parents, can possibly leve their thick-headed, clumsy, awkward, coan a sons, I am at a less to understand. Now, if our Frank were such a thing as "Squire James" son her sould

derstand. Now, if our Frank were such a thing as 'Bquire James' son, how could I love him? And our only son, Frank, with his fine form, manly beauty, and fine education, must stand side by side with that thing, a common soldier, for war is at the door."

"Must Frank go?" said his mother.

"In truth he must," replied the father; "he enlisted, to-day."

The blood all receded from the cheek, brow and lips of that mother, and her senses reeled, but, with the patriotism of a Spartan mother, she controlled herself with an effort, and made no sign.

This conversation occurred about the

This conversation occurred about the breaking out of the rebellion. Frank was yet alone. He was the only child of his parents. He had wished for a brother through all the years after he was old enough to know that there were such connections as brothers, but the brother never came.

brother never came.

And when the continent was echoing howise calculated to rear and educate boys. They almost invariably ruin them by indulgences, or harden them by cracelty. Boys, as they grow up, need a ūrm, strong hand to guide them past the pitfalls set for them at the threshold of life—active life—the life of a man."

He did not know how galling and bitter was the sentence he had penned, to meet the eye and strike the heart of that woman. Very clever pecule, sometimes, in their self-will, are guilty of cruelty, and do not realize the fact. Thomas Williams did not know that Jane Smith, with her religious faith and truth, could and did love the hapless child, as her skates when a child, he fought her batters. skates when a child, he fought her bat-tles, he was her champion on every occasion. He could not remember when he did not love Nellie, and Nellie could

he did not love Nellie, and Nellie could not remember when she did not love Frank. He put the engagement ring upon her finger and hastened away; for there was the neighing of steeds, the roll of the drum, and hosts of dark-browed men were going forth to the fratricidal war that cursed our country 2 iew years ago had come, and women were in tears, and there were partings "that rent the life cut of young hearts," and the loving and loved parted to meet no more on earth. Some of the best boys that ever lived went forth from parents, kindred, friends and their homes to sleep upon the bare, cold ground, the canopy of triends and their homes to sleep upon the bare, cold ground, the canopy of heaven their only covering, to meet the long, harassing march, the dreary watch and ward, hunger, cold, death, and laid down their lives, far away, while the loved ones at home kept their places at hearth and beard. There are some wrongs too hitter and some some control hearth and beard. There are some wrongs too bitter and some sorrows too deep to be spoken of in this world; and there are tears shed in secret that none tage are tears and in secret that none have a right to look upon. And we shall not attempt to give you a picture of the parting between Frank and Nellie. Their vows are not for us to hear, nor their tears for us to look upon. Nellie watched him out of sight, and then she fainted away. He had constituted. fainted away. He had gone to meet all the horrors that she had ever read of, or dreamed of, or feared, suffering, priva-tion, perhaps death. Would be return mutilated, to live a cheerless life, or would he bear a charmed life when death

missiles hurtled through the air! O, Long and tedious seemed the leaden-footed hours to blue-eyed Neilie Marsh.

CHAPTER II.

JANE SMITH AND HER CHIT DREN, AND

THE FLIGHT AND THE PANCY. Our Frank went from a proud home in Indiana. There lived Thomas Williams, and for long years he had forgotten Jane Smith, and the child of his dead brother. But we will go back a few years, and look in upon her and her adopted children. There were two of them, a boy and a girl. The boy was Francis Marion Williams, the orphan boy that Thomas Williams had desired to adopt, and the girl was Mona Liza Smith, the orphan child of a very distant relative. The boy was very handsome, with a wealth of jetty curls, large, liquid, black eyes, and a firm, sweet mouth. But the girl, with her dark, blue eyes, jetty lashes, and fair, clear complexion, and red brown curls, was very beautiful; but her Smith, with her sublime and beautiful religious faith. Jane Smith had a suffi-cient amount of means at her command to keep herself and children in good atyle, and Mona Liza was an heiress, and the boy had a small fortune in the hands of a guardian, and Jane devoted her time entirely to these two adopted children. Her whole life was a constant prayer for their welfare. They lived in house, and servants went and came at Jane's bidding. She saw these two children playing quie' under a shade-tree,

eight years old, and Mona Liza six. She had written but a few lines, when a series of sobs, cries and angry shrieks so terrific, fell on her ear, that she was appalled, and she started from her seat to see Mona Liza, holding Frank by the hair of his head with one hand, while with the other she was acratching his face and neck with the ferocity of a wildcat; and all the while she was vigorougly stamping her little aristocratic foot, and crying out at the top of her volce:

"I'll teach you, I'll teach you."

"I'll teach you, I'll teach you."

Jane took the little girl in her arms

gain, and added field to field, and house to hour 9; and his dream of wealth was verified. He was a rich man. And Frank grew in stature, and ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; and he was obedient, affectionate, and of a cheerful, happy disposition; and he was a universal favorite. He was a very handsome man, with his fine, silky, black beard, his jetty curls, and his speaking, black eyes, with the defiant giance yet in them that was a peculiarity, and a very beautiful one, too, in his childhood. He was a man of good size, and fine form. He stood six feet in his stockings, and he was well proportioned and muscular. When he returned from college a graduate, Ellen said to her husband:

"If it was right to be proug of anything in this world. Like while, in the way would be proug of anything in this world. Like while, in the stood six feet in his stockings, and he was well proportioned and muscular. When he returned from college a graduate, Ellen said to her husband:

"If it was right to be proug of anything in this world. Like while, in the way would not fight a girl. I should be disgraced forever if the was to strike her."

"If was to strike girl in her arms wands and said:

"What alls her, Frank? How have we wand to wand and said:

"Aunty, I was doing my best to please ther," replied the boy. "Oh," he continued, "I wish that you had never got her." I wanted a sister; I never wanted to a blue-eyed cat, to tear the hair off my head and scratch my eyes out. I can never make a sister of her, all that I can do. O, if she were just Tom, or Jim a mitted with the will be will be a stood of the continued, "I wish that you had never got her," replied the boy. "Oh," he continued, "I wish that you had never got her," replied the boy. "Oh," he continued, "I was to earth her," it was to tear the hair off my head and scratch my eyes out. I can never make a sister of her, all that I can do. O, if she were just Tom, or Jim a public will be will be will be a sister of her, all the will be will be a sister of her, all the will b

girl! I don't dare to strike a girl. Bah! a girl. I should be disgraced forever if I was to strike her."

"I hope that you would not fight a boy," said Jane.
"Aunty, I should fight him, and whip him, too, if he imposed upon me as she does," replied the boy. "Yes, I would fight him from sunrise till sunset; I would be honest, and allow him his share of everything, but I would have my share if I had to fight hard. But, Auntie, don't feel bad, for I will never fight if I can help it."

"I will tell you," said Jane, "of the advice my mother gave me, when I was a child, in regard to such a matter as this. She said: 'Jennie, have nothing to do with any child that will not treat you fairly.' And to this day I follow that advice. I drop from the list of my friends one that will not treat me fairly. You can think of this at your leisure."

Miss Emith carried Mona Liza into the house, and sat down and said:

"Now, child, tell me all about this very unpleasant occurrence. Why did you tear Frank's hair and scratch the blood out of his face?"

The child hung her head and said nothing.

The child hung her head and said

nothing.
"You do not want to tell me?" said "In course I don't want to tell," said the child, beginning to cry; "for I think now, though I didn't know it when I was so mad, that Frank didn't go to do that."

"And what was it Frank did, my

"Why," replied the child, "he put the stick on the play-house wrong, and knocked all the rest down."
"And that was accidental, you think

"And that was accidental, you think now?" said the woman.
"Frank didn't go to do it, I know he didn't," replied Mona.
"And when he was building a playhouse for you, and was ready and willing to do his work over again, you pulled his hair, and scratched and pinched him, and upbraided him?" said the woman.
"That's just what I did" replied the

"That's just what I did," replied the child in a defiant tone.
"Well, do you not think, child, that you should be punished?" queried the

"Yes, aunty, I expect so," said the child. "Well," said the woman, "what shall "Well," said the woman, "what shall I do with a little girl, six years old, one-third a young lady, that scratches, pinches, and pulls her playmates unjustly? When you are eighteen years old you will be a young lady, and the number of years you have lived in one-third of eighteen."

"O, aunty, shut me up in a dark least are said me to had in the dark

"O, aunty, shut me up in a dark closet, or send me to bed in the dark without my supper, or whip me; I have been naughty, I have been naughty," said the child, weeping bitterly.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the woman. "Stop crying, and listen to me, and I will tell you what I shall do." The child caught her breach with a gasp, and listened intently, while Miss Smith said, "I will buy your interest in Frank of you, and pay you. I like Frank. He is a good-tempered, generous-natured boy, and I am perfectly willing to have him all to myself."

"Sell Frank!" said the little girl;

"that would be funny," laughing in the "I am not selling Frank," said Jennie;
"I would not do that, but I will buy

your interest in him. And you must not play with him any more; and Frank cannot build play-houses for you, nor assist you in your lessons, nor anything of the kind." "What will you give me?" said the child.

"What will you take?" said Jennie.
"A bran new doll," replied Mona Liza,
"with two silk dresses and a bonnet."

"You shall have her; and now you must remember, child, that you are to have nothing to say to Frank. You must play alone."

The doll was bought, dressed, and given to the child, and she went about for sayed days. for several days, playing alone, apparent ly well contented. But about two week after the trade, one came upon the lit-tle girl rating her doll after this style

"You're a naughty doll, and I hate you. You are ugly, with black curls, and big eyes, and red checks. I hate you! I hate you! If I was not afraid of my Aunty I'd break you. I'd mash your mouth, and twist your nose, and brush your rule the your curls the wrong way. I would, I "Why, what has Dolly done?" said

Jane.

Mona Liza began to cry piteously, and between her sobs she said: "Dolly took Frank from me, and I hate her. And I have nobody to play with, and I want Frank to play with me. I can't swing myself, and I want Frank to swing me in the big swing."

"You want to rue, then?" said Jane.
"What is rue?" said the child.
"I meant," said the woman, "that you want to give me back the doll and take back your interest in Frank. Is that

what you wish for?"

"Yes," said the child. "O, Aunty,

how did you guess? May I do that?"
"Yes, child," replied Jane, "you may
give me the doll, and take back your nterest in Frank, and he may swing you in the big swing.

The child laughed and cried by turns, hysterically, an "Good Aunty, pretty Aunty," an y soon she bounded away to see Frank. And when she found him she said: "O, I'm so sorry that I scratched and pinched you, and pulled your hair. I'll never do it again, pulled your hair. I'll never do it again, never." And she never did. Frank was generous and kind by nature, and he rarely gave offence. And Mous called him her brother, and as such she loved him. Jane Smith toiled, hoped and prayed, as the client-footed years went by, and at last she met her reward.

Mona Liza was a beautiful and highly dren playing quie' under a shade-tree, man any wife, or mother, or sister might in the yard, one i utiful summer day, well be proud of. He, like the cousin and thinking all was peace and love, she that he had never seen, neves heard of, sat down to write a letter. Frank was stood six feet in his shoes. He also had

fine, silky, black beard, a wealth of jetty curls, and a liquid black eye. He looked just as his father had looked twenty years before, and resembled, in face and form, so nearly his cousin Frank, that Thomas Williams had said was the very rhomas Williams had said was the very print of his dead brother, that they might have easily deceived their best friends. Yet neither of those young men knew that the other existed. Jane Smith saw that Frank and Mona Lizaloved each other, not as brother and sister, and she was well pleased. Everything seemed to op just as she might wish. Frank's forture, and Mona Liza's would be united by their marriage and

wish. Frank's forture, and Mons Liza's would be united by their marriage, and her estate need not now be divided, she thought, and she was happy in such thoughts. But, O, there were dark hours coming, hours that tried men's souls, the hours that called for all the faith and trust of woman. The civil war broke out, and men wore turning the plowshares into swords, and the pruning thooks into spears. Frank was a Union man in Virginia, and refused to fight against the old flag, but he was taken into the army. He watched his opportunity and deserted. Frank made good his escape, and fled from home, and love, and sought his uncle in Indiana.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gen. Gillmore's Plan for Deepening the Charleston Bar.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1878.

Washington, May 9, 1878.

In compliance with Senator Butler's resolution, a communication was received to-day by the Senate, from the Secretary of War, endorsing a report of Cen. Humphereys, chief of engineers, submitting a project of Gen. Gillmore for the permanent improvement of the channel into Charleston harbor by means of low jettles, with an estimate of the probable cost; also a report of the board of engineers approving the project. Gen. Humphreys says: "I concur in the views of the board that the channel over the bar can be improved to a probable depth of twenty-one feet at mean low water by the use of jettles submerged in whole or in part, and by a mode of construction very gradual in its progress, which will admit of such modification in the length and height of the jettles as experience will dictate. I further concur that the project adopted should, to the least possible degree, disturb the present regimen of influx and efflux over the bar."

The estimated cost will vary, according to the extent of the project with mar.

The estimated cost will vary, according to the extent of the project which may be adopted, from \$1,800,000 to \$3,000,000. Gen. Gillmore recommends the annual appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars in four successes years, which Gen. Humpher a appropria

thousand dollars in four successive years, which Gen. Humphro,'s approves.

Gen. Gillmore's report covers over sixty pages, with plans and drawings of his project, and is an able and interesting document. The report gives a full description of Charleston bar and the various channels, previous surveys, variations, depths, widths and measurements of the chaunels, also the material composing the surface and below. It says t'm' it is a drift and wave bar, produced by the action of the waves and in duced by the action of the waves and in part by drift material carried along by surface currents, and gives the results of borings and experiments. The plan is to construct two jetties, one springing from Morris Island and the other from Sullivan's Island converging towards each other in such manner that their each other in such manner that their outer ends on the crest of the bar shall be half a mile apart. The outer ends of the two jetties will rest respectively upon the shoals lying to the northward and southward of the North channel, that being the middle channels of the north group of three channels. The north jetty, near the shore, is curved to a radius of one and a half miles; the outer half is nearly a straight line. The length of this is 7,450 feet, direction southeast. The south jetty is 11,650 feet long. The shore end is curved to a radius of three miles for about half its length. The hali next to the sea is nearly straight. The object is to maintain the bar in its

present general location.

On motion of Senator Butler, the report and accompanying papers were re-ferred to the Senate committee on commerce and ordered to be printed.

President Tupper, of the Chamber of Commerce, expresses much satisfaction with the report and the progress made. He is busily ergaged with the commit-

CHINESE CIVILIZATION OR AMERICAN BARBARISM.—A time when Chine is carrying off almost the first honors in the great prize show of civilization at Paris seems to be very ill chosen for the pre-paration of a bill taxing Chinese immiparation of a bill taxing Chinese immigrants out of this country, reported from Washington. Accounts from the Exposition agree in declaring that China's display is the best she has ever made in a world's fair, and that her section, with that of Japan, was the only one perfectly ready for the opening. One correspondent regrets that the American department, which is badly behindhand, did not have a little of that "cheap Chinese labor" which put the Calestials on time labor" which put the Celestials on times and made their quarters so bright and attractive. China has received always a cordial welcome from France. With Japan she has an assignment of space at the fair almost equal to that of the United the fair almost equal to that of the United States. Thus courteously treated, China has responded far more liberally than she did at Philadelphia. Such is the unsuitable juncture taken by a sub-committee of the House to recommend a fine of \$100 to be put on every representative of that is genious, industrious and thrifty race who shall come to this country hereafter. Are the Chinese or the men who get up such miserable, narrow-minded bills lacking in civilization? Which are the truer Christianis in all the ethics of Christianis. Christians in all the ethics of Christianity? The very day that this news was published we had the report that Peru is trying to coax 10,000 Chinamen into that country to build railroads and work mines and do other useful labor at which they are such adepts. Peru knows what she is about. It is left only for the boasted intelligence of the American Congress to entertain schemes brutally inhospita-ple to foreigness, violative of the spirit ble to foreigness, violative of the spirit of the Constitution and of liberty, and greatly injurious to our national progress.— N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Boys Nore THIS !- Don't forget t take off your hat when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats on in the presence of ladies; and if you always take yours off when mama and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself or be mortified when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlor Habit is stronger than any thing else and you will always find that the easiest way too make sure of doing right on all occasions, is to get in the habit of doing right. Good manners can not be put on at a moment's warning.

County Armagh, was about to lose his wife. She begged him to bury her in Tyrone, among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy," said he, "Fil try ye here, but if ye give any treuble, I'll take ye up and bury ye in Ty-

THE BRIDE OF A YEAR AGO. Young Mother Senteneed to Death for

Soon after the marriage of Mr. Rober

Sothern, a hand-some but wild young fellow, to Miss Kate Hambrick, a ball or party was given at the dwelling of her father, Mr. Hambrick, in the fall of 1876, father, Mr. Hambrick, in the fall of 1876, in Pickens County. All the belles and beaus of the neighborhood were invited and attended. Among the number was a beautiful young woman by the name of Narcissa Cowart. She, it seems, was one of those handsome country girls who, knowing her charms, delighted in making conquests of men, but never dreaming that harm would in any way result. Gay and light-hearted, she pursued the merry dance from early evening until the hour of midnight. At that fatal hour she dan dher last time with Mr. Sothern. Kate, his wife, it appears, had become jealous of the beautiful Narcissa, and early in the evening informed her husband that he must not dance with Miss Cowart or speak to her come jealous of the beautiful Narcissa, and early in the evening informed her husband that he must not dance with Miss Cowart or speak to her during the night. To this, it seems, he assented, but at 12 o'clock, to the astonishment of Mrs. Sothern, she beheld Miss Narcissa Cowart upon the floor dancing with her husband. She calmly walked up to her husband and informed him that he had promised to dance that set with her. He remonstrated, but she persisted. At length, finding that the two were determined to dance through the set, the jealous young wife turned and quietly walked outside to her father and demanded the loan of his knife. Her father inquired for what purpose she wanted it. She replied, "To cut a tooth-brush." Reminding her that it was rather late to be cutting tooth-brush-es, he reluctantly handed her his large pocket-knife. Returning to the dance-room she found that the dance was over. Watching with frenzied eye she soon espied the object of her jealous rage alone, dancing across the room. Seizing her by the shoulder with one hand she exclaimed: "You have danced enough," and brandishing the knife a moment over her own shoulder she plunged it deep into the girl's neck. The warm blood shot from the wound to a wall five feet distance. Still another blow was dealt, and the sharp knife penetrated into the left breast. A third blow was given as the girl fell, and she lay dead on the floor.

Confusion and amazement were never greater. Some one asked to know who was the man that struck that woman. Mrs. Sothern exclaimed firmly. "I am the man that did it?" The excited people rushed to the doors and said that no one should pass. Sothern at once took his wife by the arm and said, "Gentlemen, I am going to leave this house, and take my wife." His remarks were made emphatic by the exhibition of a danger-gerous-looking pistol in his hand. The people allowed him to pass. Sothern and his wife made good their escape, and though Miss Cowart's family offered a reward of \$250 for their arrest and the Governor added \$150

January last, Mrs. Sothern had ner first child in her arms.

The whole family were placed in Pickens jail, together with two or three others engaged in the affair. Last week at Pickens County Superior Court the case against Kate Sothern was taken up for trial, Judge George N. Lester presiding. The case occupied four days in ing. The case occupied four days in trial. Every particle of evidence postrial. Every particle of evidence possible on either side was brought out, and every legal point was hotly contested. After an exhaustive trial, on Saturday, the 28th, the young bride of a year ago was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to be hanged on the 21st of June. The woman held her child in her arms throughout the trial. When santence was pronounced, she was comsentence was pronounced, she was completely overcome. A motion for a motival was made, and will be heard on Monday, the 18th instant. It is more

than probable that the case will reach the Supreme Court.

Should Mrs. Sothern be hanged she will be the second woman ever hanged in Georgia. And in view of the severe constructed out to Georgia. censure meted out to Governor Smith censure meted out to Governor Smith for permitting Miss Susan Eberhardt to be hanged, it is reasonable to suppose that Governor Colquitt will have to be thoroughly convinced of the justice of the sentence before he will allow her to hang.—Atlanta Constitution.

WEDDING ANNIVERSABLES .- Many are interested in marriage anniversaries, and so we will give herewith both the old style and also the new, for the matter is one of great importance:

First anniversary—Iron. Fifth anniversary—Wooden. Tenth anniversary—Tin. Fifteenth anniversary—Crystal. Twentieth anniversary-China. Twentieth anniversary—Cnina.
Twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver.
Thirtieth anniversary—Cotton.
Thirty-fifth anniversary—Unen.
Fortieth anniversary—Woolen.
Fortieth anniversary—Woolen. Forteth anniversary—Woolen.
Forty-fifth anniversary—Silver.
Fiftieth anniversary—Golden.
Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond.
The above is the old style; and we

Sugar wedding-A marriage with an

attendant suit. Tin wedding-One that "pans out" Crystal wedding—Marrying one addicted to the glass.
Silver wedding—Marrying a gray

Golden wedding-When the groom minor, and the bride a little vain. Diamond wedding-When the "wash

Another style: Sugar wedding-Marrying a "perfect tick." Tin wedding—One amid the "pansses." Crystal wedding—The Glasgow cere nony. Silver wedding-Au end of "spoor

Golden wedding-One of the specie Diamond wedding-Jem's marriage. "I was not aware that you kne him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend, the other day. "Know him!" said he, in a tone which comprehended the knowledge of more than one life—"I

knew him when his father was a boy.' - Two little boys were seen a few days since on Washington street, the one with an accordeon in hand, the other with a large placard in front, upon which was printed in large letters: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the mother of five chil-

Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow. Dr. Bull's Blood down in Maryland: "What I have to his community will be said

iren. Please help me."-Bos

The Cost of Cotton Culture.

One good, active hand can culture 12 acres in cotton or 25 acres in corn, which may be increased or diminished, accordmay be increased or diminished, according to the character of the soil. The length of time required will be about 15 months for the cotton, and 7 months for the corn. Putting the wages of this hand at \$8 per month, \$88.00 with rations say \$½ lbs. of bacon per week and one peck of meal, say \$20, feed of the mule to plough at \$40 and the smith bill at \$5, would make the whole cost of cultivating 12 scres in cotter \$153. If these 12 acres would yield only 400 pounds of seed cotten per scre, then the amount fnade would be 4,800 in seed, or 1,600 in lint. So the expense of making 1,600 of lint will be \$153, which, at \$9½ per hundred pounds, would simply cover the cost. But if the land should make 1,000 pounds, per acre, then the whole per hundred pounds, would simply cover the cost. But if the land should make 1,000 pounds, per acre, then the whole yield would be 12,000 pounds in seed or 4,000 pounds in lint; but as the one hand could not pick over half the crop, the cost of picking the balance, 6,000 pounds, would be about \$27, making the cost \$180, which, at 4½ per hundred, will cover the amount, \$180. So it is evident expenses of making 100 pounds cannot be traiform as to the cost. The richer the lands the greater will be the reduction of the expense, and the reverse, for if only 290 pounds had been made per acre, then the expenses would have run up to \$19, and if the yield had been. be uniform as to the cost. The richer the lands the greater will be the reduction of the expense, and the reverse, for if only 290 pounds had been made per acre, then the expenses would have run up to \$19, and if the yield had been 2,000 pounds, the cost would have been \$2.50 per 100 pounds; the cost of the hired hand and the feed of the mule being the same in both cases. This plan of estimating the cost will hold in making corp. though less than that of cotton, as corn, though less than that of cotton, as the time of working and gathering the crop need not be over 7 months, instead of 11.

From this view of the subject, it is evident there are but few pursuits yielding such heavy profits on the capital invested as a well-managed farm on productive lands. In the one case, the cotton at \$9\frac{1}{2}\$ just covers its productive cost, leaving nothing to the owner, while in the other, the \$000 pounds at \$9\frac{1}{2}\$ will bring \$380, leaving a clear profit of \$200, which is sixteen dollars and a half per acre. Hence, the answer as to the cost cannot be correctly made, without taking into consideration the productiveness of the soil, as well as the price of the hired labor. The expense of production is rarely ever looked to by planters.

When a farmer, at the end of the year, settles his store account, pays his smith bill, with that of his teacher, doctor and preacher, which tax is generally in the rear, and if anything is left from the amount realized from the sale of his produce, that amount is called the profit; but if it falls short, then he has made nothing. That is not a correct estiments of results, for the bills have no connection with bill. A merchant coing business From this view of the subject, it is evi-

tion with the cost of planting, except the smith bill. A merchant doing business on a capital of \$10,000, wanting to accertain the result of the year's operation, takes an inventory of the unsold stock, the amount of available accounts, with the money on hand, after paying his store reut, his cierk hire, interest paid on borrowed money, and other expenses incident to his business, but does not include the expense of supporting his family, which might, if extravagant, absorb all the profits, though it might be 30 or 40 per cent. on the cepitel. There are a large number of farmers, whose real estate with all the working stock and farming implements, cannot be valued at more than \$3,000, yet by their profits realized have raised, clothed and educated from 5 to 10 children, which, to do this, must make a profit of 30 or 50 per cent. large number of farmers, whose real estate with all the working stock and farming implements, cannot be valued at more than \$3,000, yet by their profits realized have raised, clothed and educated from 5 to 10 children, which, to do this, must make a profit of 30 or 50 per cent, on the capital. Ya. many will say we are making nothing; sell out, move to town or some country depot and play the merchant, to their regret and rain, proving the truth of the state and rain, proving the state and rain they can get it from any country desired in the seducational interests of the State.

Should the teachers of any country desired information as to details and play the state.

Should the teachers of any country desired information as to details and play the state.

Should the teachers of any country desired information as to details and play the spartanburg teachers. They have held these conventions for eight years, and would not give them up for any consideration.

OHARLES PETTY. ing the truth of the satirical saying of Horace, that every man praises the occu-pation of others more than his own, because he realizes the troubles of his own but is ignorant of the other,—R. I. Mo-Dowell, in Southern Home.

A QUESTION OF SUPREME IMPOR-TANCE.—There can be no question in that which is now before the American people for their decision. That question is: Shall we continue to have a Chief Magistrate of our own choosing, as we silvays have had from the foundation of the government, or shall we submit to the rule of a President forced upon us by fraud? by fraud?
The issue has been made plainer than

ever by recent events. The confessions of parties concerned in the perpetration of the frauds leave no room for further dispute about the facts. Frauds were practiced which determined the result. This is settled by the confessions beyond peradventure. So we are now orcest directly to the consideration of the main point—shall an unelected President be permitted to retain the office for four years? We cannot shirk the issue. It

What does it involve? It involves the very existence of our government as established by our Revolutionary fathers. To give up the elective Executive is to give up all; and to consent to Mr. Hayes' remaining in is to give up an elective

Executive.

We think the issue is pretty well understood, and it is not to be denied that there are those who, understanding it well, do not hesitate to take ground in fewer of giving up the elective Executive favor of giving up the elective Executive as *. matter of minor importance. We rejoice, however, in the faith that the advocates of this anti-American doctrine will prove but an inconsiderable minority of those who address the public on the subject. As the discussion progresses, it will become more and more clear that it concerns the most vital point in our whole system of beligovernment. We have confidence that the great mass of the people will pass upon the question submitted to them in such a way as to preserve the priceless privilege of choosing their own President. The path of duty and of patriotism is so plain that false teachers in Congress or in the press cannot lure the majority from it. They know the question is one that nothing could surpass in importance, and the instinct of freedom is too strong in the American heart to have it estelled in any way but in favor of the preservation of concerns the most vital point in our who way but in favor of the preservation of the elective Chief Misgistracy as it in heretofore existed.—New York Sun.

- Nine murderers have been execut n Louisiana since Governor Nichol in Louisiana since Governor Nicholls went into office. Those who have good memories enough to recall the life all-ministration of Kellogg and his abuse of the pardoning power, will now have an opportunity for comment.

— One of Brigham Young's daughters has just married a former hostler in her father's stables, who already has one wife. She is honely, but brings her groom \$20,000.

— Mr. Wheeler, of New Hampshire, who died worth \$11,000, seems to have been a pleasant sort of a man. His will says: "Expend it all on my tombstone."

say to this community will gradually."

Rhenmatism Cured by Fright.

John McGinty, a printer, who became a confirmed tramp, was cured of Rhammatism in the following manner: He was at work on a morning paper at Rochester N. Y., where he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

He is a devout Catholic, and, when his rheumatic difficulties made it impossible for him to work at his trade, he took up his quarters at St. Mary's hospital, and was taken care of by the Sisters. His case seemed to be incurable, and here he stopped for a long time, acarcoly, able to put his feet to the ground. Haying no money, he was, however, set at work doing light chores about the building.

In the second story is a large room, known as the "dead room" where the bodies of those who die in the institution are placed, preparatory to burial. To

the cross, which McGinty reached out and took, but accidentally dropped beside the body.

Stooping down low enough to pick anything from the floor, was for him, at that time a very difficult and painful task, and while engaged in it, one of the hands of the corpse, which had been loorened by the removal of the cross, began slowly, of its own weight, to move toward him, and when it passed beyond the centre of gravity, came down, with a tremendom thump, upon the back of poor rheumatic McGinty.

Now he was quite positive that there was not a living soul in the room, except himself, and to have a dead man strike him a severe blow would have startled a considerably less superstitious man than this tramp printer, who forgot his rheumatism, and went down these stairs on the jump, with his hair standing on end. He was nearly frihtened to death, but his rheumatism was gone, and from that day to this he has been entirly free from the disease.

Teachers' County Conventions.

The school teachers of the various counties of this State should at once go to work and organize a county conven-

to work and organize a county convention. Get all your teachers together for
two days, and the benefit will be invaluable. An exchange of opinions as to
methods of teaching, text books, discipline and the thousand other questions
pertaining to the work of the teacher
would do much good in each county.

These conventions will greatly assist
our State Superintendent. He will be
able to see all the teachers, and particularly the country teachers, and impart to
them his own views and enthusiasm.

If three working teach is will get up
an informal meeting, and appoint a
place and time for the convention, and
then use the country paper freely in
writing up the convention, and publishing the order of business, it will be a
success. These editors will do anything
to help the educational interests of the
State.

guished gentituan it may Truthfully be said that no one in this State has devoted himself with such untiring zeal and aig-nal ability to the best interests of the farmer. Of him it may truthfully be said that he has devoted his whole life to the single purpose of advancing the agricultural laterest, without fee or reward. True, he has a rich reward, not in dollars and cents, but what is far better, in the hearts of the thousands for whom he has been working.

It is to him that we owe the recent State, and have returned prepared to spread far and wide words of good cheer to those who are looking for new homes in the sunny South. No one can tell what will be the value of this visit to the what will be the value of this visit to the Southern people. Col. Aiken is right when he says that nersone who have lands to sell should meet new comers with their very lowest rates, and not make their coming an opportunity to speculate upon them. Indeed, he is generally right, and it will be well for us all if we heed his admonitions.—Martboro Planter.

FISH FOR SOUTH CAROLINA-Through the influence of Senator Butler—who seems to be devoting much of his time to the useful and profitable in Washington—Prof. Baird has determined to end several thousand shad for the streams in South Carolina. It is probable that he agent in charge will reach Columbia the agent in charge will reach Columbia within four or five days, and the fish will likely be planted in the Savannah, Broad and Catawba Rivers, and the streams trioutary to these in Scath Carolina. The points are not yet selected, and we would be glad to have immediate the second of the selected. and we would be giad to have immediate responses from different points, where the realircads cross the streams above named, whether there are any obstructions below them which would impede the Sah in their progress down the country. This information is highly distrable at once, as the young fish will be brought in cans, and it will be impor-tant to keep them as short a time as pos-sible. Letters addressed to the editor of the News and Courier, in regard to this matter, will be placed in the hands of the proper parties on arrival.—News and

OUTDONE BY A BOY.—A young lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy _____ four gentlemen who do business there. Or___ lay the gentlemen were chaffing him z statle about being so small, and said to kim:

"You never can do much business; you never can do much business; you are too small."

are ton small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something, which none of you large men can do."

"Ah I what is that ?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There closes, and these on four menly faces, and these second to be very little anxiety for further raforms tion on the point.

good articles. Druggists sell siere of all.
Dr. Ball's Baby Byrup Usin of all other symmetres for the ours of Baby Disorders.
25 cents a botale. Large sales indicate the merits of all